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REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is \$1.00 (six bottles \$5.00) at all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

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 Cost most to make but sensibly cheap to use. Try them.

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 Will destroy insects on Trees and Plants and prevent fungus and blight on Fruit and Potatoes. Bewildering. See your grocer or write us for book.
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS—Pursuant to an order of Hon. George A. Benton, Surrogate of the county of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Alfred J. Joyce, late of the town of Penfield, county of Monroe, state of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers therefor, to the undersigned, the administrator of said deceased at her place for the transaction of business as such administrator at her residence on the Duxway road in Penfield, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of July, 1906. Dated, December 20th, 1905.
MARY A. JOYCE, Administrator, etc.
 Charles M. Williams, Administrator, etc., 700-710 Wilmer Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

A MINING ADVENTURE
 By JOSEPH KEATING

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

One day Twm Betsy (he and Llew worked together on the coal in the Pandy pit) called down to his colleague in a strange voice:
 "Come up here a bit, butty."
 Llew went up and found Twm Betsy right up in the corner, with his lamp against the wall of coal which formed a right angle with the working face. Signs of water filtering through the soft surface glistened in the lamp rays.
 "Look here," said Twm Betsy. "Water."

Llew took up a mandrill. With his light in his left hand and the tool in his right he struck the iron against the coal, testing it.
 Suddenly, however, he stopped. His colleague with his big mandrill pulled out an enormous back slip (the coal "grows" in overlapping sections like joinery work), which left a big gap from the cut half-way down the face.
 That seemed to put the last straw upon the back of the mystery of the water; it took away the strength of a barrier; it opened the door to a terrible enemy. Where water merely trickled before, there now broke through a torrent.
 "Look out—run for it," roared Llew, who saw the face of the coal giving way, as if a great power behind thrust it out, trying to bury them under it. Without wasting another second they ran. The torrent of water kept as close to their heels as Satan to a soul in danger.

This particular road of Llew differed from the usual working places. It ran along the extreme boundary line of the Pandy pit owners' legal area. Without knowing it, the surveyors had made Llew and his colleague deliberately drive their road upon a little corner of the boundary line of another man's pit, long since disused owing to the water in its workings. And as soon as the barrier between them became weak enough this same water broke through and rushed after the two unlucky men.
 They came to a brattice door—a frail framework of wood, covered with tar-soaked canvas.
 It opened against them.
 "What's the matter with it! It's like a ton weight," said Llew.
 "Water's driving the air against it," panted his friend, pulling at it with him.
 Llew hitched his lamp upon his belt; put his two strong hands upon the edge of the framework. The door did not open. But that did not matter, Llew broke it in two halves. The wood cracked, and the tearing of the canvas followed like a volley of pistol shots.

"And there's a big plank door further on—we can't tear that!" moaned Twm Betsy, as he tried to scramble through after his friend.
 But here a serious thing happened. The water—by this time so plentiful that it completely filled the narrow, tunnel-like roadway—swept down against the outstretched broken part of the framework and jammed it back so suddenly that it entrapped the left foot of poor Twm. The water then rushed with a bang against the slender door, where it swirled and boiled in its fury at itself checked.
 "I'm fast," roared Twm.
 "The water's breaking down the door," muttered Llew. "Another minute and it'll be all over with the two of us."
 The whole framework, sides and doorway, began to bulge outwards; it could not hold back the enormous force behind.
 Twm threw a horror-stricken look at it.
 Then the excruciating pain and horror of it all reached a climax; he lost consciousness. His body fell limp.
 "Fainted clean away," panted Llew. "And I'll have to carry him."
 He heard the sides of the doorway creaking more than ever. And now he saw it breaking down hopelessly. He picked up his friend and ran for the lower door.

The water came tearing over, under and through the door in a yellow, shining flood, roaring as it rushed after him and his burden.
 It filled the roadway—top, bottom and sides; it advanced in a solid—like a moving wall.
 Llew, with the other man in his arms, looked back as he heard it getting nearer. He felt something slimy touch his back—the water!
 "I'm caught!" he groaned.
 Then a very strange thing happened; a magical strength seemed to come to him; his burden suddenly lost its weight, and he could hold Twm Betsy on one hand, outstretched. Stranger still, the crashing, hissing sound of the rushing water stopped; a mysterious silence came upon everything. Llew moved as if without effort; he walked buoyantly—almost without touching the ground; he held Twm Betsy under his arm, as he would his mackintosh when he went for a holiday and no rain came on.

"Are we dead, both of us?" he asked of himself, very much frightened.
 "Anyhow," he said, emphatically, "I'm on dry land, and the water's stopped. Let's have a look around."
 He tried to walk in the normal manner; but his feet would not keep on the roadway. He moved about like a ball tamping on the ground.
 "Like walking on 'lastic,'" said he. Then he noticed that his beard simply deluged him with the water that dripped from it; also that from every

particle of his clothes, and the clothes and hair of Twm Betsy, dripped water.
 "It must be all right, whatever," said Llew, convinced as to his mortal existence. "But where's the water gone so sudden?"
 He went back a few yards. But the light of his lamp instead of going ahead of him, seemed strangely to run upwards right in front of him. He raised the light to examine this. He saw the strangest thing that ever came within his experience.
 "Well," said he, plaintively. "Here's a wall of water."
 He stared hard at the smooth, shining thing before him. It went straight up like a great cathedral window, with a dim, yellow light behind it.
 "But what's holding it up like that?" he marvelled. "Praps Twm Betsy knows."
 Then Llew tried to bring back his friend's consciousness to get an explanation of the phenomenon.
 He merely put his hand under Twm's arm, and lo! up leaped the wounded man with startling ease. He sprang into the air.
 "Arglwydd," said Llew, frightened. "You came up like a cork flying out of a bottle of pop."
 Twm stood on one leg. He found no trouble at all in keeping himself in that position.
 "What, in the name of goodness, is the matter?" he cried. "I'm doin' tricks like a tumbler."
 "Same as me, exactly," declared Llew, keeping his balance with difficulty. "Just like walkin' on 'lastic. I'm like a ball tamping about the place. Stop!" he shouted, suddenly.
 Twm Betsy pulled up sharply. With the effort his body underwent a series of vibrations like the end of a spring-plank after the brattice takes his dive.
 "It's the air!" cried Llew, in a voice thrilling with the sense of a great discovery.
 "Doing what?"
 "Keeping the water back!"
 "Get away!" shouted Twm Betsy, with infinite scorn. But Llew insisted: "I'm sure that the plank-door down here won't let the air go out, and the water won't let the air go in. And the water can't come no further, because the air won't let it."
 "What!" roared the other.
 "Come and look!"

Llew led the way. Twm followed. Llew tried to walk up towards the water. His feet barely kept the ground while in motion.
 "Look!" he shouted.
 He held his lamp up. The light gleamed on the wall of water.
 "It's like swimmin' on dry land," grumbled Llew.
 The detail left unexpressed—the detail which allowed them to "swim on dry land," simply amounted to this: Water will not mix with wind; nor wind with water. For water is water and wind is wind. A gale lashes into the face of the sea; the angry water springs up into waves. But never does the water allow the tiniest breath of its enemy to penetrate even to the depth of a shade beyond the surface. So here, the water rushed down and forced all the air in the roadway into the smallest volume it could assume. The door, so thoroughly built, with thick brattice along the bottom, would not admit of any escape; the volume of water exceeded the volume of air, and imprisoned it. But the prisoner would not, could not yield. It could not drive the water, greater in volume, back; but it would not allow it to come any further. And the secret of this thing? Nothing more or less than the brattice door which had; in the first place, held the water back. This pause gave the air time to get into shape for the contest—to clean its decks as it were. So that when the water burst down the brattice door and rushed through in a complete solid, from road to roof, the air met it in exactly the same form—solid, from road to roof. Consequently not a drop of the water could flow under, over or down the sides. And in this deadlock of the antagonistic elements Llew and his colleague found safety.

"The next thing," said Llew, with his light upon the strong plank door, "is how to get out. Can't we cut a piece out?"
 Suddenly he turned his light to the ground.
 "A rail," said he. "I can drive a hole through the turf side!"
 They tore two of the tram-road rails. Llew put the handle of his lamp in his mouth to "show light." Then they cut and hammered the turf wall at the left side of the door.
 Llew steadily cut a round hole in the turf big enough for a man to go through with ease. But he took care not to cut any part through. He weakened it equally all round. He knew enough of the ways of compressed air to understand that it would escape with the force of an explosion.
 "Now," said he, at last. He threw down his rail. "Get behind me and jump after me when you see me knocked through."
 He took the first place so as to take the first and most dangerous shock of the escaping air. That first shock sometimes mutilates the thing in its way.
 "Ready," he roared.
 "Ahy," he roared.
 Llew struck with his fist the weakened part of the wall. It flew out like a feather. A roaring blast followed and in it two human beings found themselves projected like stones from a sling through the opening into the dust of the road at the other side. But it pitched them into safety.
 At first stunned, they came to themselves as soon as a stream of water began to flow through after them. But the volume of water, limited to the size of the hole, could not harm them. It simply spouted over them.

EYES EXAMINED FOR FUN.

Women Leave Orders for Eyeglasses and Never Call for Them.

"Yes," said the store manager, reports the Jewelers' Circular Weekly, as he glanced at the sign which gave notice that a deposit will hereafter be required on all orders for glasses; "we had to do it. When we took account of stock a little while ago we found we had been stuck for 80 many frames and glasses made to order, and then never called for that we had to put up that notice. For the peculiar type known as the 'shopper,' women who travel around among the stores and order things for the mere joy of ordering them, interests the stores of eye specialists as it does those of the dry goods men.
 "Why, women come in here of an afternoon just for a place to rest in, I do believe. They will come in and sit down and say they want to have their eyes examined, and sometimes get indignant when we find that they do not need glasses at all. Oh, yes, we do turn them away at times when they do not need glasses. And when they do need them they leave orders for the glasses and we make them up and then have them left on our hands, because they frequently never call for them. Men do that sometimes; but more often it is a woman. The only way I can account for it is by that explanation—that they do it for want of something else to do, and perhaps to see what it is like to have the eyes examined.
 "You would think that a shop where eye-glasses are prepared and sold would be about the last place in the world to be afflicted with shoppers, but we get them."

DIVING FOR DEAD SEA SALT
 Work That Is Probably as Ancient as the Human Race Itself.
 The awful desolation of the Dead sea, which lies nearly 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is broken here and there by the salt divers, whose work is probably as ancient as the human race itself.
 From remotest antiquity, says the Technical World Magazine, the salt of the Dead sea has been collected and brought to the Jerusalem market, where it is used for curing hides and for domestic purposes. Dead sea water contains over 25 per cent. of solid substances, of which seven per cent. is chloride of sodium, or common salt.
 The Dead sea contains no living creature. Sea fish put into its waters speedily die. Not a single boat navigates its strange waters, nor is there any sign of life, save the isolated parties of salt divers, who scrape and slowly amass their glistening heaps of crystal near the mouth of the Jordan.
 When a sufficient cargo is made ready a long string of camels crosses the desert, and the salt is loaded up into panniers, or "shwerries," and taken into Jerusalem, where it finds a ready market.
 Salt, as is well known, has been used as currency from time immemorial, just as bricks of tea are used to-day in central Asia, especially in the borderland of China and Siberia.

CRABS IN RABBIT HUNT.
 Singular Method of Capturing Game Employed by English Urchin.
 On a property where the rabbit shooting was strictly preserved, upon the southern coast of England, a boy was caught with two dead rabbits in his possession, and nothing that would account for their decease. A search of his pocket revealed nothing but two live crabs of small dimensions, the end of a candle and a box of matches. Under promise of release the urchin was persuaded to disclose his method of procedure. First he selected a likely burrow, and then stripped off his clothes, putting his coat over one hole, his trousers over another, and his shirt over the third. He lit the candle end, dropped a little grease upon the crab's back, and stuck the lighted candle thereon, and then put the crab at an unoccupied opening. Straightway the frightened torch-bearer fled sideways into the darkness and explored the innermost depths, while the boy, expectant as a terrier, awaited events outside. Presently a rabbit bolted into the coat, as it did so that boy was after it like a shot, and boy, rabbit and coat all rolled over together, the boy rising from the fray with the rabbit in his clutches.

FEATHERING HIS OWN NEST.



Dolly—Do you think the Duke of Cashleigh intends to marry your sister Gladys?
 Gladys's Brother—Rather! Look at the presents he's given her! A gold inkstand, ditto, cigarette case, a smoking cap, a hunting watch, a Gladstone bag, a gold-headed cane, a—

His Excuse.
 "You call me fair, but I'm brunette."
 "What are you thinking of?"
 He answered: "True, but don't forget that all is fair in love!"
 —Cleveland Leader.

Early Training.
 "He is certainly a bouncing baby boy."
 "Yes, and his mother hopes some day he may go to college and make a name for himself on the gridiron."
 "You don't say. Is she teaching him to stand hard knocks already?"
 "Yes, she grabs him by the wrist and pulls him through every bargain rush they have downtown."—Chicago News.

READ AND YOU WILL LEARN

That the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice endorse and recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all collateral diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections, and their results, as bronchial, throat and lung diseases (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Hoodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

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125 dozens of lingerie Shirt Waists, regularly sold at \$2.25, all sizes special for this sale.....\$1.25
 Girls' spring coats, sizes 4 to 14.....\$1.00
 Extraordinary sale of Millinery. See window display for prices and styles.
 The Empire-Princess and the Sun-Rays Skirts are the exclusive novelties of the Berlin. Ask to see them. A special lot of skirts in all wool gray English materials at.....\$2.98

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 Finer grades at \$18, \$20, \$22, \$25.
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